THE Numb. 137.

VIRGINIA GAZETTE.

Containing the freſheſt Advices, Foreign and Domeſtick.

From Friday, March 9, to Friday, March 16, 1738.

From the UNIVERSAL SPECTATOR, *October* 7, 1738.

SIR,

I Was looking the other Day into *Seneca*'s Epiſtles, and in one of them met with an odd kind of an Aſſertion, which had too much in it of one of his ſtoical Rants, and which few Perſons, I believe, will approve of. Speaking upon *Poverty*, he ſays, that we ought *to love it upon this one Account*, if there was no other, *becauſe it lets us ſee thoſe that love us*. That Poverty is a Teſt of the Sincerity of Love and Friendſhip I readily grant; but that we ought to eſteem or love a State of Poverty for this Reaſon, is what ſuch a Philoſopher as this, who never knew what Poverty was, might aſſert, but what none would care to make Choice of, for the Reaſon upon which he here recommends it.

Curioſity I own, is a very ſtrong Principle; but what wiſe Man would not check it, when it would lead him to enquire into ſuch Things, as when diſcover'd, he knows will give him a great deal of Diſſatisfaction and Uneaſineſs? A rich Man, who has many ſeeming Friends, would be very imprudent if he ſhould deſire to be convinced, in any Way whatever, whether he had any real ones. Who would think it any great Felicity to be able to diſcover what every Body thinks of him? To have ſuch Scenes as theſe appear, would be a very unentertaining Proſpect, and a great Mortification of our Self-Love and Vanity.

There is nothing more certain, than that a poor Man knows much better who are his Friends than a rich one; but then this is a melancholly Truth, when it comes to be experienc'd, and a Piece of Knowledge that no one can be fond of.

That Contempt is an inſeparable Attendant upon Poverty, has been an Obſervation common to all Ages; and Poverty never made a more deſpicable Appearance in any Age than in this. Let a Man be what he will in any other Reſpect, he can never be diſregarded ſo much for any Thing as *this*. Let a Man's Underſtanding be never ſo mean, his Temper never ſo perverſe, and his Actions never ſo bad, he cannot be ſo much diſreſpected, he cannot diſoblige the World ſo much upon any other Account whatever, as by being *poor*. Nay, have all the excellent Qualities that would render you amiable in any other State of Life; have Wit, Learning, Senſe, a fine Temper, an agreeable Behaviour, and act upon a Principle of the ſtricteſt Honour and Integrity, all theſe will avail you nothing, if *Poverty* is among them; they inſtantly fade away, and all their Beauty periſheth. Such contagious Blaſts, and ſuch malignant Influences are there in her unhappy Climate!

A Man, become poor, who was once rich, is, with Reſpect to the Behaviour of the World towards him, like a Lady who has out-liv'd her Beauty, and is now no longer regarded, when this *one* Charm, and this *ſingle* Perfection has left her.

A Lady, who is an *extraordinary* Beauty, may, by the Force and Prevalence of her Charms, triumph over all the Advantages of Poverty. Tho' her Money will not engage Admirers, her Perſon will command them: Her Luſtre is ſo powerful, that it breaks through that Cloud which otherwiſe would have darkened and eclips'd her: But for other Ladies, how many agreeable ones have been deſpis'd in a State of Poverty or but indifferent Circumſtances, who would have been ador'd and idoliz'd, if they had, each of them, but ten thouſand Pounds to have bleſs'd their Admirers with.

There is a Gentleman of my Acquaintance, whoſe Friendſhip I ſhall always eſteem, who has experienced the different Behaviour of the World to a rich Man, and a poor one: He is a Man of moſt excellent Qualities; and when he was in the Affluence of his Fortune, was as much regarded and eſteemed, and had as much Civility and Reſpect ſhewn him as his Merit requir'd, and ſuch Circumſtances uſually procure: But he is now treated with as little Regard and Ceremony as if he had been always as poor as he is at preſent. He is now no longer bow'd to as formerly; no riſing of any of the Company when he comes into a Room; no Offers made him of Places to ſit down in; no asking his Opinion of Things; and when he gives it, no Regard is paid to it. This Idol of his Acquaintance is brought down to the Condition of the meaneſt and loweſt Worſhipper, while others, who ſtill retain their Riches, and ſhine in their uſual Splendor, have all their uſual Veneration and Homage ſtill paid them.

There is not a more lively and beautiful Deſcription any where to be met with, of the different Behaviour of the World to a Man in high Circumſtances of Life, and to the *ſame* Perſon reduced to low ones, than what we find in the Book of *Job*. 'When the Almighty was yet 'with him; when his Children were about him; when 'he waſhed his Steps with Butter, and the Rocks pour'ed him out Rivers of Oil. When he went out to the 'Gate, through the City; when he prepared his Seat in 'the Street. The young Men ſaw him, and hid them'ſelves, and the Aged aroſe and ſtood up. The Prin'ces refrained talking, and laid their Hand on their 'Mouth; the Nobles held their Peace, and their Tongue 'cleaved to the Roof of their Mouth. When his Root 'was ſpread out by the Waters, and the Dew lay all 'Night upon his Branch. When his Glory was freſh in 'him, and his Bow was renewed in his Hand: Unto 'him Men gave ear, and kept ſilence, and waited at his 'Counſel. After his Words they ſpake not again, and 'his Speech dropped on them.

'But now, ſays he, they that are younger than I have 'me in Deriſion; now I am their Song, yea, I am their 'By-word; they abhor me, they flee far from me, and 'ſpare not to ſpit in my Face: Becauſe he hath looſed 'my Cord, and afflicted me, they have alſo let looſe 'the Bridle before me: Upon my right Hand riſe the 'Youth, they puſh away my Feet, and they raiſe up a'gainſt me the Ways of their Deſtruction: They came 'upon me as a wide breaking in of the Waters; in the 'Deſolation they rolled themſelves upon me.'

As I always love to enquire into the Reaſons of Things, or what are the Springs and Motives which make ſuch and ſuch Practices ſo general and common, I ſhall now endeavour to find out ſome of the Reaſons why a rich Man has ſo much Regard and Reſpect ſhewn him by the World, and why a poor Man is ſo much neglected and deſpiſed by it.

One

One principal Reaſon is, that the Generality of the World who are not rich, would be ſo if they could; ſo that it is no Wonder that we admire others for having ſuch Things as we ourſelves are deſirous of poſſeſſing.

Every one who is rich is look'd upon to be a Superior to a poor Man, not only becauſe he is richer, but becauſe he is more *honourable*.

Add to this, the Idea of *Power* annex'd to Riches; and where there is Power, they who want it will reverence and eſteem it, becauſe this enables a Man to be hurtful or ſerviceable to the World; which are Conſiderations with which the World will be always influenc'd.

Riches gives a Man an Air of Authority and Grandeur which command our Reſpect to him; and as the rich Man's Look and Behaviour is generally in ſome Degree ſtately and aſſuming, the poor Man's will generally be humble and ſubmiſſive.

Another Reaſon aſſignable, not for the *Riſe*, but for the *Continuance* of the Practice of reverencing the Rich, is, that the World has always accuſtomed itſelf to pay a ſort of Veneration and Homage to them; and ſuch a Cuſtom as this has a Sanction in it that will make it generally comply'd with.

The ſame general Reaſon which makes a rich Man reſpected, will make a poor Man deſpis'd; for if our Regard to Riches, and Deſire of having them, makes us regard the Perſons of the Rich, our Diſregard or Averſion to Poverty will make us diſregard the Perſons of the Poor.

Another Reaſon why a poor Man is deſpis'd, is this, that if you are civil and complaiſant to him, and familiar with him, you may bring your own Circumſtances in queſtion. While you ſeem not to take Notice of poor Men, you may be deſigning to give the World ſome Reaſon to believe, that you are not of that Number yourſelf.

Pride is another Reaſon, or rather a principal *Ingredient* in every other Reaſon or Motive that makes us deſpiſe the Poor. We think ourſelves conſiderable, and value ourſelves much becauſe we are rich; and then conſequently muſt ſlight, and think thoſe inconſiderable that are poor.

In *Themſelves*, Poverty and Riches are neither of them deſpicable or honourable: It is the Behaviour of the Perſons in either of thoſe States that makes either poor Men or rich reputable or ſcandalous. An honeſt Man is ever to be eſteem'd, and a Villain ever to be deſpis'd, let their Circumſtances be what they will. They are ſuitable Objects of our Regard and Admiration; he that is humble, human, and benevolent in a State of Opulence; and he that is patient and reſign'd, and retains his Integrity in a State of Indigence.

The Stoicks maintain'd this for one of their Paradoxes, *Solus ſapiens eſt Dives*; the *wiſe* Man only is rich; which may much more juſtly be ſaid of the *truly virtuous* Man; for he only is rich who makes a right Uſe of his Reaſon, and has by him that eneſtimable Treaſure, a good Conſcience; which whoever has not, is poor indeed, whatever may be his external Condition and Circumſtances.

I am, Sir,

Your humble Servant,

R. T.

From the London Magazine.

Criſs-Croſs-Row, Sept. 6.

Gentlemen,

THE 24 Letters being lately convened at this Place, Ordered me (their Secretary) to read them a very odd Paragraph, inſerted in ſome of the publick Papers, *viz.*

'On Tueſday laſt, between nine and ten o'Clock, a 'Man that lives near *Oxford* Market, ty'd a Rope to a 'Cart in the Market, and thereby tuck'd himſelf up. 'Some of the Butchers ſeeing him hang, cut him down, 'and finding him not dead, they beat him ſeverely with 'the Rope, till he came to his Senſes.'

On this Article of News the following Remarks were made.

A. Asked if the Man was married? For his Suppoſal was, that nothing could be more likely to make a Man hang himſelf than Matrimony.

B. Began with interrupting the Words *between nine and ten*, to ſignify *between nine and ten at Night*; and then told us, that the poor Man being married, and having before his Eyes the Fear of the Devil and a curtain Lecture, choſe rather to hang himſelf than go to Bed to his Wife.

C. Concluded to ſend this unfortunate Man to the Advertiſer at Rathmell Coffee-Houſe.

D. Dogmatically accounted for the Strangeneſs of the Fact, that he *hang'd himſelf* in a *Market-place*, and *ty'd a Rope to a Cart*: For, ſays he, he did not dare, even to hang himſelf in his own Houſe.

E. Endeavoured to prove, that no married Man could ſafely call the Houſe his own, which was ſometimes too hot to hold him.

F. Freely took on him to fall foul upon the Phraſe *tuck'd himſelf up*; that it was a ludicrous Expreſſion, inconſiſtent with the Gravity of a daily Hiſtorian.

G. Being a great Geographer, let us know, that *Oxford Market* was ſituate in *Tyburn* Road.

Which modern Vertuoſi ſay,
Inclines to hanging every way.

H. Held it very heinous, that they ſhould cut the Man down, and bring him to his Senſes, in caſe he was a married Man.

I. Inſtantly declared, that being beaten with a Rope, with which a Man had taken ſome Pains to hang himſelf, was exactly the ſame Caſe, as being harraſſed with a Wife, which a Man had taken ſome Pains to marry.

K. Keenly replied, that the Butchers of *Oxford-Market* were the beſt *Mad Doctors* in the World; ſince they by only beating the Man with a Rope, ſoon brought him to his Senſes.

L. Learnedly obſerv'd, that the News Writer could never truly affirm that the Man was come to his Senſes, except his Wife was dead; *Nam ſublata cauſa tollitur effectus.*

M. Being Muſically inclin'd, entertained us with a *Song*.

Of all the Plagues beneath the Sun,
To love's the greateſt Curſe:
If one's deny'd, then he's undone;
If not, 'tis ten times worſe.

Poor *Adam* by his Wife ('tis known)
Was trick'd ſome Years ago;
But *Adam* was not trick'd alone,
For all his Sons are ſo.

Lovers the Strangeſt Fools are made,
When they their Nymphs purſue;
Which they will ne'r believe 'till Wed,
But then they find it true.

They beg, they pray, and they implore,
Till wearied out of Life:
And pray what's all this Trouble for?
Why truly for a Wife.

Each Maid's an Angel while ſhe's woo'd,
But when the Wooing's done,
The Wife, inſtead of Fleſh and Blood,
Proves nothing but a Bone.

A Wife (all Men of Learning know)
Was *Tantalus*'s Curſe;
The Apples, that did tempt him ſo,
Were nought but a Divorce.

The Liver of *Promotheus*,
A gnawing Vulture fed:
The Moral of the Tale was thus,
The poor old Man was wed.

When

When firſt the ſenſeleſs empty Nokes,
With wooing does begin;
Far better he might beg the Stocks,
That they would let him in.

Yet for a Lover we may ſay,
He wears no cheating Phiz;
Tho' others Looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

Each Lover's like a wretched Aſs,
Surely he needs no Curſe;
He wiſhes he may wed his Laſs,
No Soul can wiſh him worſe.

N. a notorious Scribbler, was for ſending the Remarks and Song to your Society.

O. open'd his Mouth in Approbation of this Propoſal.

The aboveſaid Gentlemen, were the only Speakers to the Point in Queſtion. For,

P, Q, R, S, T, U, W, X, Y, Z, being all married Men, hung down their Heads, and had nothing to ſay for themſelves.

I am, Yours,

And Per Se And.

MADRID, Sept. 26. O. S.

IT is thought that the Court, which is ſtill at St. Ildefonſo, will come to the Eſcurial in twelve or fifteen Days. Count de Montijo is actually at Court; and as Mr. Keene, Miniſter Plenipotentiary from the King of Great-Britain, repaired thither Yeſterday from Sagovia, in order to renew with the Marquis de la Quadra, the Conferences which were interrupted on Account of that Lord's Illneſs; we reckon to hear very ſoon whether the King will ratify the Preliminaries ſettled at London.

Letter from Warſaw, Nov. 4.

'A few Days ago Count de Bruhl, Maſter of the 'Horſe to the King, going from the Palace in one of the 'King's Coaches, met the High Treaſurer of the Crown 'coming in at the Gate of the firſt Court; but as the 'Count was in one of the King's Coaches, he did not 'think proper to put back, in order to make way for 'the Treaſurer, who claim'd Precedency on account of 'his Dignity: At laſt, a Towarzyrſe, or Military Gentleman, of the Treaſurer's Retinue, growing impatient at this Diſpute, ran to the Count's Poſtillion, and cut 'him over the Head with a Sabre; upon which M. de Bruhl immediately look'd out at the Coach-door, and 'ſaid, *I would willingly know whether this is done by 'the Lord High Treaſurer's Order*; but the Towarzyrſe inſtead of returning an Anſwer made up to the Count, Sabre in Hand, and, in all Appearance, would have 'ſerv'd him as he did the Poſtillion, had he not drawn 'back into the Coach. The Count's Servants having 'call'd the Guard, the Towarzyrſe, with the reſt of the 'High Treaſurer's Servants, were ſeiz'd. This Affair makes a great Noiſe, and vaſtly mortifies the King, 'who cannot bear to ſee any Differences between the Saxon Miniſters and thoſe of the Republick. As Mr. Villers, the Britiſh Miniſter, was lately riding out on 'Horſeback, a Poliſh Gentleman run his Horſe againſt 'him with ſuch Violence, that his Excellency was thrown to the Ground; but we don't hear he received any 'Hurt.'

LONDON, October 26.

Yeſterday between 4 and 5 o'Clock in the Afternoon, a Fire broke out in a Warehouſe at Galley Key near the Cuſtom-houſe, which burnt with great Violence for ſome Hours; during which Time, a conſiderable Quantity of valuable Merchandize was conſumed; as it happened at the Time of Low Water, it was with the greateſt Difficulty that ſeveral Veſſels, which lay cloſe to the Key, were prevented from taking Fire, the Conſequence of which muſt have been very fatal. Aſſoon as it was diſcover'd, a Guard was order'd from the Tower, to prevent Rogues from ſtealing the Goods, &c. The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor went alſo on the firſt Notice, in order to encourage and animate the Firemen, &c. How it began is not certainly known, ſome ſaying it was by a Porter's throwing careleſsly ſome lighted Tobacco out of his Pipe on a Bale of Hemp; and others, that the Hemp took Fire, by being pack'd too ſoon.

Mr. Warwick, an elderly Gentleman, belonging to the Cuſtom-houſe, was ſo much terrify'd by the Fire, that he pack'd up his Money, &c. and carry'd them to the Dolphin Tavern in Tower-ſtreet; but had not been there a Quarter of an Hour, before he died by the Fright, as 'tis ſuppos'd. His Caſh, &c. was immediately ſeal'd up, and Watchmen ſet to guard it 'til it could be properly deliver'd.

We hear that the Damage occaſion'd by the Fire in the Warehouſes adjoining to the Cuſtom-houſe, amounts to near 30,000 l.

London, Oct. 28. On Sunday laſt, Pennock Richardſon was committed to the Gatehouſe, Weſtminſter, by Sir John Croſs, Bart. Nathaniel Blackerby, and Richard Lilly, Eſqrs. for defrauding divers Perſons of conſiderable Sums of Money by Means of counterfeit Certificates and Letters of Recommendation to charitably diſpos'd Perſons, on Pretence of great Loſſes by Fire, Death of Cattle, and Innundations, in Norfolk, and other Counties, where no ſuch Loſſes had ever been, the Juſtices Names thereto being counterfeited, as were alſo the Names of the Churchwardens and Overſeers of the Poor, and the Names of many Perſons of very great Diſtinction appearing likewiſe counterfeited.

On Tueſday Night the Choir in Weſtminſter-Abbey was robb'd of the Purple Curtains round the Dean's Seat, the Covering of the Prebendary's Cuſhions, the Cloth, by the Communion Table, and ſeveral Things beſides. The Perſon who committed this Sacrilege had likewiſe the Impudence to do what is indecent to name in the Dean's Seat.

They write from Edinburg, That a young Girl that had been playing the Fool nine Months before, and was making a haſty Retreat to conceal her Burden, from Regard to her Gallant and herſelf, happened to be deliver'd of it in a Boat betwixt Kirkcaldie and Leith: She behav'd ſo heroically, that it was not diſcovered; and having wrapt the Bantling in a Bundle of Cloaths, came up to Town, where ſhe depoſited it as a Pledge in a Houſe in the Cowgate, and ſet immediately out for Dalkeith; but the Cries of the Infant ſoon made the People ſenſible of what they had got: The Kirk-Treaſurer's Man was acquainted, the Girl purſued, brought back, and forced to take the Child.---- *What a fine Wife would this Virago be to a poor Man, who could not well ſpare the Charges of a Midwife, &c. and what an excellent Miſtreſs to a Man of Pleaſure and Intrigue; for few modern Miſſes would go through theſe Varieties in the Space of three Hours, or breed without a Puke, bring forth without a Groan, or conceal with ſuch Dexterity.*

London, Nov. 2. They write from Leiceſterſhire, that the dreadful Fire at Wellingborough has excited an uncommon Spirit of Charity in that and the neighbouring Counties: The Churchwarders go from Houſe to Houſe and collect by Guineas, Half Guineas, &c. in Plenty; even the Servants throw in their Mites, and many Gentlemen have given from 20 to 50; and 100 was ſent by Mr. Ward, who told the Collectors his Tenants were buſy in their Harveſts, and therefore he gave that for them and himſelf.

London, Nov. 9. Laſt Tueſday Night the Coroners Inqueſt ſat on the Body of Mary Summers, who died on Sunday laſt, of the Wound ſhe receiv'd in her Breaſt with a Penkife, at a Houſe in Cold Bath-Fields, from John Langſdon, a Watch-Spring Maker, her Sweetheart, on the 16th of October laſt; at which Time he gave himſelf a Wound, of which he recovered. The ſame Surgeon attended them both. Her Body was open'd by Order of the Coroner, and on Examination it was found that the Wound had reach'd her Lungs, there being ſettled coagulated Blood. The Jury brought in their Verdict, Wilful Murder.

A few Days ſince the Houſe of Mr. Allen, a Dyer in Caſtle-ſtreet, Southwark, was broke open in the Night-time, and robb'd of ſundry valuable Effects.

The many Robberies committed lately in that Quarter have at length induced the Inhabitants to come into a Propoſal that in all Probability will prevent the like for the future: That the Watchmen, inſtead of ſudling in the Watch-Houſe, or ſleeping on their Stands, are to walk the Rounds and cry the Hour every Quarter, at the trifling Expence of 2 d. per Week to the Inhabitants, which is collected and paid to the Watchman himſelf.

London, Nov. 11. Yeſterday ſe'nnight died Mr. George Smith, a Peruke Maker in Red-Lion-Court in Fleet-ſtreet. The Circumſtances which were the Occaſion of his Death, we think worth communicating to the Publick, both as a Caution againſt Street-Robbers, and as an Inſtance of the Audaciouſneſs of thoſe Villains: The Day fortnight before he died, as he was walking homewards in Fleet-ſtreet, within a few Doors of Red-Lyon-Court, about 7 o'Clock in the Evening, three or four Fellows knock'd him down with Sticks, allured, as we ſuppoſe, by the Sight of a Braſs-headed Cane which he had in his Hand, which they took perhaps for Gold; he fell on his Face, the Rogues ſeiz'd his Cane and Hat, and made off without Diſcovery: Some of his Neighbours helped him home, where he was attended by Mr. Holloway the Surgeon: He had a Contuſion in his Head, his Noſe was very much cut and batter'd, and being very corpulent he receiv'd the more Damage in his Fall; one of his Knees was much hurt and ſwell'd, and afterwards mortified, which occaſion'd his Death. Thus we ſee an honeſt Man, by whoſe Care a Wife and 6 Children were provided for, deſtroy'd by a Gang of Villains for the Value of a Quartern of Gin; for the Things which they took were of little more Value.---If theſe vile ſcandalous Practices are not ſufficient to have all *Street-Robbers* hang'd that are condemn'd, what are?

A few Days ſince, one John Arnold, a young Fellow, having the Curioſity to ſee the Lions and the other wild Beaſts in the Tower, was ſo raſh, upon one of the old Lions ſeeming to be aſleep, as to venture to ſhake him by the Paw; but he quickly Reaſon to repent of his Folly, for the Beaſt ſeiſed him and tore a large Piece of Fleſh out of his Wriſt, which had it not yielded to the Lion's Gripe, would at leaſt have occaſioned the Loſs of his Arm, and in all Probability his Life. He is under the Care of an eminent Surgeon, and is in a fair Way of Recovery.

Williamsburg, March 16. We hear from *Brunſwick*, That about a Fortnight ago, the Priſon of that County was burnt down, and a Man, who was in it a Priſoner for Debt, was burnt to Death. It is ſuſpected, that he ſet the Priſon on Fire, in Hopes of eſcaping thereby; he was heard crying out for Help, but no Aſſiſtance came Time enough to ſave him, or the Priſon.

Clear'd out of *James* River.

March 8. *Brig. Robert and John, of Virginia, John Cooke, Maſter, for Madeira, with* 3400 *Buſhels of Wheat, and* 3150 *Pipe Staves.*

---------9. *Sloop Robert, of Virginia, Sam. Rogers, Maſter, for Barbadoes, with* 47 *Barrels of Pork,* 800 *Buſhels of Corn, and* 53 *Buſhels of Peaſe.*

---------10. *Sloop St. Anthony, of Boſton, William Jackſon, Maſter, for Tenneriff, with* 2500 *Buſhels of Wheat.*

--------13. *Brig. Naſſau, of Charles Town, in New-England, John Miller, Maſter, for Boſton, with* 2800 *Buſhels of Wheat,* 60 *Buſhels of Corn,* 100 *lbs. of Tallow,* 10 *dreſt Deer Skins, and* 15 *undreſt Ditto.*

ADVERTISEMENTS.

February 25, 1738.

RAN away from the Subſcribers, living at Fredericksburg, *in* Spotſylvania *County, on the* 24*th Inſt. at Night, Two Servant Men. The one belonging to Col.* Willis *named* William Kitchingman, *a middle-ſiz'd Man, wears his own black, buſhy Hair: Had on, when he went away, a brown Kerſey Coat, and a red one, a light colour'd Pair of Breeches, a Pair of Leather ditto, grey Stockings,* 3 *checkt Shirts, and* 2 *Dowlaſs ditto, new Shoes, a new Hat, and a Gun. The other belonging to* James Boyd, *named* William-Cole Barner, *a middle-ſiz'd Man, red Headed, but wears a Wigg; and had on, when he went away, a brown colour'd Kerſey Coat, a light colour'd Kerſey Jacket, green Worſted Shag Breeches, grey Stockings,* 5 *checkt Shirts, good Shoes, and a good Hat: They are both* Engliſhmen *and Convicts. Whoever ſecures the ſaid Runaways, ſo as their Maſters may have them again, ſhall have for each, or either of them, Two Piſtoles Reward, beſides what the Law allows.*

Henry Willis,
James Boyd.

N. B. *The above Runaways being furniſh'd with Money, may diſguiſe themſelves by getting other Cloaths. Their Maſters are well aſſur'd that they have forged Paſſes.*

To be Sold, for Fifty Pounds Current Money,

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